

BORROWED HUSBANDS

By MILDRED K. BARBOUR

CL—THE FIRST HINT OF SUSPICION.

In the pleasure of Connie's arrival, Nancy forgot her misgivings over her promise to dine with Reeve Lewis the following night and gave him aid and counsel in winning back the recalcitrant Peggy.

She could not read the message that lay in Connie's eyes, but there was something there in the smile of the cool, efficient dominant Connie that she knew.

"Curly," there was something close to tenderness in Connie's voice. "How sweet of you to send the flowers!" Connie raised one thin white hand to lay it caressingly against the velvet of the roses beside her.

"What flowers?" blundered Connie, having been unable to recognize the flowers. They weren't what I wanted to get you at all, but it's all the florist around the corner had this afternoon and I was too keen to get home to see you to go running around town after others."

Connie smiled her gratitude and Nancy, watching her, noted to her surprise that her hand went to the slender platinum chain around her throat and her fingers touched the locket concealed in the folds of her negligee.

BEDTIME STORIES

By HOWARD R. GARIS

UNCLE WIGGLY GOES SKIDDING.

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"You had better wear your rubbers this morning," said Nurse Jane to Uncle Wiggly, as the rabbit gentleman started from his hollow stump bungalow one day to look for an adventure.

"Why had I better wear my rubbers?" Uncle Wiggly asked. "It isn't raining, Miss Fussy Lady."

"No," the muskrat lady housekeeper agreed, "but it rained a little in the night, and the rain froze on everything it touched. The walks, the paths and even the bare ground is as slippery as the duck pond when it's frozen over. You'll slide like anything if you don't wear rubbers."

"I don't like to wear rubbers when it isn't raining," said the bunny gentleman. "I don't believe I'll slip very much, Nurse Jane. I guess I'll get along all right. And now is there anything I may have the pleasure of bringing you from the store?" asked the bunny, with a low and polite bow.

"I want a few eggs," replied Nurse Jane. "Mrs. Cluck Cluck is coddling her eggs to lay this warm, so she can't let me have any. But some of the other hen ladies may have taken some extra eggs to the store to sell."

"I'll bring you as many as you need," promised Uncle Wiggly. "About a dozen will do," said Nurse Jane. "Then I'll make a cake. But I wish you'd wear your rubbers!"

"No," said Uncle Wiggly, smiling kindly, but acting obstinate like, "I don't need any rubbers!"

Before he had gone very far, however, over the fields and through

the woods, the bunny rabbit gentleman wished he had worn his rubbers, or something else to keep him from slipping. For, as Nurse Jane had said, everything was covered with a sheet of ice that had frozen fast as the rain fell.

"But I'm not going back!" said Uncle Wiggly. "I'll keep right on, looking for an adventure. And when I find one—"

Just then he felt himself slipping down a little hill. His paws seemed to glide out from under him.

"Oh, I'm going to fall!" thought the bunny. But he stood up bravely, and only sort of skidded along, as the boys and girls do on the slides they make.

"Well, that wasn't so bad," said the bunny with a laugh, as he reached the bottom of the hill without having fallen down. "I skidded pretty well that time. I'm beginning to like it!"

He found it easier to slide than to walk, and he did this a few times, running and then holding his paws close together so he would slide along.

Uncle Wiggly was having so much fun that he nearly forgot about the eggs, until he saw the six and seven cent store almost in front of him.

"I'll skid down there and get what Nurse Jane wants," he said. He took a little run and a slide, but he went a bit too fast and couldn't stop himself where he wished.

Instead of reaching the six and seven cent store, Uncle Wiggly skidded into Dr. Possum's drug store.

"What's the matter, Uncle Wiggly?" asked Dr. Possum. "Do you want some medicine?"

"In after eggs," said the bunny. "Eggs! I don't keep eggs!" laughed Dr. Possum. "You'll get them next door in the six and seven penny store."

"Yes," said Uncle Wiggly. "I know. I just skidded here by mistake. It's so slippery and I haven't any rubbers on."

"You should have worn them," said Dr. Possum.

"Oh, I'm having fun!" laughed Uncle Wiggly. He crept slowly out of the drug store for it was very slippery, and crept into the grocery, where he bought the eggs.

"You want to be very careful going home, Uncle Wiggly," said the grocery gentleman. "It is very slippery—and with eggs to carry."

"Don't speak of what might happen!" cried Uncle Wiggly, holding his paws over his pink nose to keep it from twinkling. "I am afraid to think of it!"

Carefully carrying the bag of eggs, the bunny started for his hollow stump bungalow. He slipped, and fell, and skidded several times, but didn't quite fall down and break any eggs until just as he reached the top of the little hill leading down to where he lived.

"I must be very careful!" thought Uncle Wiggly. "If I slip now—"

But he did more than slip. He began skidding down the hill. Faster and faster he went, holding the bag of eggs. Faster and faster until he came in front of his bungalow. Uncle Wiggly felt himself skidding past, but he tried to turn himself to guide in the gateway, when suddenly he bumped into the side post. There was a cracking sound and a stream of white and yellow like paint began to run down from Uncle Wiggly's paw. He looked at the bag he carried.

"What has happened?" asked Nurse Jane, looking out of the door.

"I skidded and broke all the eggs," said the bunny gentleman. "I just skidded and—"

"Oh, never mind," said Nurse Jane. "I've changed my mind. I'm not going to bake a cake after all, and I was going to ask you to take the eggs back. Now what do you think of that? I should like to know?"

"Take them back!" cried the bunny. "It's too late now! There aren't any eggs!" And this was so. All that remained was a little puddle of white and yellow on the icy ground.

Uncle Wiggly felt very sad, but it could not be helped. And he laughed when he saw, over by the woods, the Fuzzy Fox trying to wal along. But the fox fell down and bumped his nose and ran away howling. So, after all, skidding has its uses. And if the dusting brush doesn't sprinkle talcum powder in the lemonade instead of sugar when the rag doll gives a party for the goldfish, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggly's umbrella.

WITHIN REACH.
Keep the kitchen shelves low enough to be within easy reach. Then you will not get the habit of putting useless things there and letting them remain.

WHITENING WAX.
If you would whiten yellow wax ball in water and then spread it out in thin layers exposed to air and light. Repeat this process until the color is gone.

RESTORING COLOR.
When color has been destroyed by acid apply ammonia to neutralize the acid, then saturate with ether or chloroform and the color will usually re-

WILL SHE WEAR THEM?

Knickerbockers Are on the Market But Wearers Are Wary of Trying Them Out

What will American women do with knickerbockers? Every smart shop on Fifth avenue displays them. A good many smart women have been wearing them, with apparent pleasure.

But not enough women, the country over, have yet adopted them to establish them firmly as a real vogue.

And one wonders why, for there is no garment made which, when worn with smart accessories, is so delightfully jaunty looking. And it is a fact that when a woman knows she looks jaunty she automatically feels young.

That they will, in another season or two, be really popular, is implied in a recent utterance of Gene Stratton Porter, America's most popular woman writer. Although not definitely discussing knickerbockers, at the time, Mrs. Porter wore knickerbockers herself as she talked.

"Among a world of other tardy realizations the world has come to realize that every woman has two legs and that these legs in all probability are proportionate to the remainder of her frame," said Mrs. Porter.

"There is no longer any curiosity concerning legs; they are absolutely prevalent—a common—as arms or heads. And the world has consented that she may cover them with skirts, breeches or Turkish trousers, as she pleases."

As she pleases! Then why does she hesitate to adopt the jaunty, comfortable eminently sensible yet ultra-smart knicker? Apparently she is still wondering whether or not they will make her look too boyish. Will they destroy her feminine appeal? That, one fancies, is the question which gives her pause.

GARDEN TIPS BY BURBANK

By LUTHER BURBANK
World's Greatest Scientific Agriculturist

The first question of the beginner is "What should I plant?" The amateur, with a small plot of ground will find a good vegetable assortment to consist of some of the following: Beans, onions, lettuce, carrots, radishes, parsnips, turnips, asparagus and, in mild climates, artichokes.

Do not attempt to grow in a small garden such vegetables as corn, squash, pumpkins, melons and similar plants, all of which take up too much space.

Beets, onions and radishes are particularly easy to grow. In arranging the beds remember to keep your paths as straight as possible and plant in rows from 12 to 18 inches apart. It will be to plan the garden paths in advance, always remembering that you must reach all parts of it without tramping upon the plants.

Monday Burbank tells how to raise asparagus.

A THOUGHT FOR TODAY
Hath the Lord a great delight in burnt offerings and sacrifices, as in obeying the voice of the Lord? Behold to obey is better than sacrifice.—1 Samuel 15:22.

He who obeys with modesty appears worthy of some day or other being allowed to command.—Cicero.

IF YOU ARE WELL BRED.
You will not back out of a drawing room when leaving a gathering. After making adieu turn and walk straight away.

You will make your first formal call very short, say 15 minutes to a half hour.

You will always take a gentleman's hat and coat when he calls, or indicate where he may put them.

FOR TENDER MEATS.
Fowl, veal and mutton can be made quite tender by putting it in a heavy brown paper covering for the fore part of the roasting. When the meat is nearly roasted the paper should be removed so that the outside can brown.

NEURALGIA
or headache—rub the forehead—
—melt and inhale the vapors
VICKS
VAPORUB
Over 17 Million Jars Used Yearly

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS

GIVE IT TO HIM, DANNY—SOAK HIM A GOOD ONE!

YOU BETTER KEEP STILL OR I'LL SPANK YOU TOO!

HA-HA-HA!

OH, YOU WILL SPANK ME—WILL YOU?

DON'T TICKLE ME! STOP—STOP—STOP TICKLING ME!

I WOULD HAVE HAD THE BEST OF YOU IF YOU HADN'T TICKLED ME!

BY ALLMAN

Mary's Kitchen

CHEESE CAKES.
Cheese cakes make delicious desserts for luncheon or dinner. They are especially appreciated by the cook when pie "timber" grows scarce.

These are English recipes but the pounds and ounces have been worked out in tablespoons and cups for the American housekeeper who measures rather than weighs her ingredients.

ALMOND CHEESE CAKES.
One cup shredded almonds, 1-2 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon cornstarch, 4 tablespoons butter, 2 (blue-spotted) strawberries, jam, rich pie dough.

Use one whole egg and yolk of one. Beat well and gradually beat in the cornstarch. Add sugar, almonds and butter melted. Mix well and add one-eighth teaspoon nutmeg.

Line patty pans with rich pie dough, spread about one-half teaspoon of the jam in each shell and fill with the mixture. Bake 25 minutes in a moderate oven. This rule will make one dozen.

FOLKSTONE CHEESE CAKES.
Two cups milk, 1-2 cup sugar, 1-4 cup rice flour, 4 tablespoons butter, 1 cup currants (clean and picked), 1 lemon (grated rind), 1 egg, 1-4 teaspoon salt, rich pie dough.

Summer rice flour in milk for half an hour, stirring to prevent lumps. Add butter, sugar, lemon rind, eggs well beaten and salt. Stir and cook by the side of the fire until the mixture thickens.

Let cool slightly and pour into patty pans lined with the pie dough. Sprinkle currants on top of each cake and bake half an hour in a hot oven. If the oven does not bake well on the bottom, partially bake the crust before filling with cheese cake mixture.

LEMON CHEESE CAKES.
This rule will make two dozen and a half cheese cakes. The mixture will keep several weeks if stored in a dry, cool place in a tightly covered jar.

One pound fat sugar, 1-2 cup butter, 4 eggs, 2 lemons (finely shredded), candied peel.

Use the grated rind of two lemons and the juice of three. Put sugar, lemon rind and strained juice and butter in a smooth sauce pan and over hot water or a very slow fire until the sugar is dissolved.

Beat yolks of eggs and add slowly to first mixture. Stir and cook slowly until mixture thickens. Let cool before using. Line patty pans with rich crust, fill them about three-quarters full with the mixture, add a few strips of the candied peel and bake 20 minutes in a moderate oven.

FOR STALE BREAD.
If you would restore a loaf of bread to its former fresh condition wrap it in a wet cloth for a minute, then remove the cloth and put the bread in a slow oven for about 20 minutes.

USE FOR PIECES.
Save odd bits of ribbon so that when your silk blouses rip in the seam you can use the ribbon for reinforcing. The advantage of this is that the ribbon needs no iron and is neater than the ordinary patch.

THIS MAN WAS HELPED
John Gray, 2539 Jackson Ave., New Orleans, La., writes: "My kidneys were weak and had a soreness and dull pain across my back. I felt dull and languid and my kidneys didn't act right. I began taking Foley Kidney Pills and they soon put my kidneys in a sound healthy condition." Foley Kidney Pills help the kidneys rid the system of acids and waste that cause lameness, backache, sore muscles, swollen joints and rheumatic pains. Tonic in effect, quick in action.—Advertisement.

It is more or less true that a generation or so ago methods of administering anesthetics were extremely crude and, in many instances, cruel. They used to hold the patient and force him to breathe in the choking and nauseating vapor. The struggles of the patient were not pleasant to witness and they certainly must have been accompanied by mental torture. Nothing like this occurs today. If you have a skilled anesthetist, he will start you off with nitrous oxide gas and switch to chloroform or ether after you have gone to sleep. He watches you closely, limiting the quantity of anesthetic to your needs. Your awakening is quick and easy. You are free from nausea, except in occasional cases, and none the worse for the experience. Don't be afraid to take an anesthetic.

KID OR CANVAS.
When cleaning silver, it is wise to wear either kid or canvas gloves. Rubber gloves have a tendency to tarnish silver.

RAISE 95% OF YOUR HATCH
Cut down your losses of baby chicks and insure maximum development.

Blatchford's CHICK MASH
(formerly known as Blatchford's Milk Mash)
Starts
It is a milk substitute to be used as a dry mash from the first feeding.

Grows
It is a highly nutritious growing feed, insuring maximum development and health.

Matures
It insures early maturity, resulting in early egg production and profit.

Order a Bag Today
Buy it from your Local Dealer
Accept no Substitutes

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

BY OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON



But there was no sleep for Twelve Toes, the Sorcerer

The Twins finished their supper and put the empty dishes and napkin back into the little basket. Instantly it disappeared.

"Well, have to find some place to sleep," said Nick. "I wish we were on the Elidown Mountain, it sounds so soft. But it looks as though it was about a mile away. Let's crawl under this bush and start in the morning."

Nancy yawned. "All right, I'll hide the record behind this big stone so no one will find it." Which she did, and then scattered some gravel on top.

They were soon asleep, their arms around each other's necks, and the little stars which came out one by one, looked down smiling.

But there was no sleep for Twelve Toes, the Sorcerer. Away off in his cave beyond the first mountain he was stirring up and down in his night gown, gnashing his teeth and shuddering his fist and carrying on like—oh, I'd hate to tell you!

Because—he had heard Kip, the Brownie, talking to the Twins on the Elidown Mountain that afternoon. He had heard on his telephone. "Kip's

give away all my secrets!" he raged. "How can I ever stop those kids now? They'll get that record to the princess as sure as I'm a wicked fairy, and then the princess will put it on her phonograph and hear the words of Long-hair, telling her which king to marry. Oh, mustard! Oh, sarisess and red pepper!"

And then that wicked old fellow had a most terrible idea. "I can't follow them," he shouted suddenly, "but I can still do some damage."

Then he went to his map on the wall. "They're likely spending the night in the pleasant country between the Electric Mountain and the Elidown Mountain. I'll make my self into a bat and fly up to the Dream Star. And I'll send down dreams that will make them walk in their sleep and they'll get lost. The Brownies are all asleep, so they can't help them."

"No, no, no! And a bottle of estupor! No, I mean a sweet mequano. I'll have to find me one." Twelve Toes had turned into a black bat and flown out of his cave into the night. (Copyright, 1922, NEA Service)

IZZY EINSTEIN

BY BERTON BRALEY

Old Sleuth is outwitted. Lecoq is a dead one.

Nick Carter is lashed to the mast.

Among the detectives this bird is the head one.

He's got all the others outclassed.

No hick of a dick is this lad everette.

Who knows Who is Hootch clear from Cuba to Maine.

He'll watch for the Scotch and the Bourbon synthetic.

Bold Isadore Einstein, the bootlegger's bane.

Oh Izzy, oh Izzy.

He's constantly busy.

And Hootch-peddlers shake in their shoes.

Afraid of surprises he's spring in disguises.

This versatile trailer of booze.

He slips into stills when the moonlight is still.

Made up as a bushel of rye.

He asks, with a wink, for some sarsaparilly.

In blind-tigers run on the sly.

"What's this?" he will hiss, as he samples the whiskey.

"I've got you, old timer, you needn't explain.

Say, bo, you must know that you cannot get frisky.

With Isadore Einstein, the bootlegger's bane."

Oh Izzy, oh Izzy.

Your stunts make us dizzy.

You're certainly making things hum.

I'm willing to tell 'em you've some cerebellum.

Brave Izzy, the bloodhound of rum.

The roles that he plays are beyond any number.

From roughneck to gentleman sport.

He never indulges in rest or in slumber.

According to common report.

Here, there, everywhere at a myriad places.

He's right on the job—yet we're waiting in vain.

To see which may be, of his myriad faces.

The true face of Einstein, the bootlegger's bane.

Oh Izzy, oh Izzy.

He's clever. Gee whiz, he

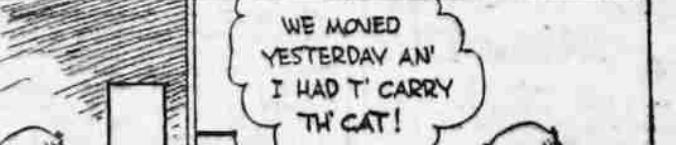
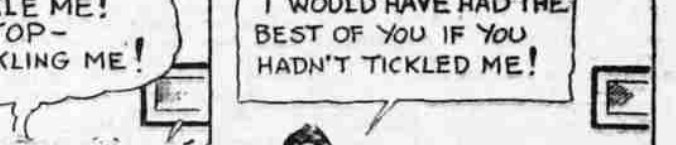
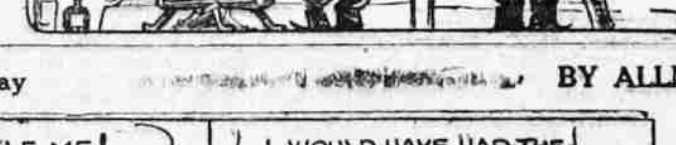
is helping this nation abstain.

There ain't no go-getter

That's keener or better

Than Izzy—the bootlegger's bane.

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THE BIRTH OF A RACE
ALHAMBRA
March 29

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Sold at all Drug & Dept. Stores

USE SLOAN'S TO EASE LAME BACKS
YOU can't do your best when your back and every muscle aches with fatigue.
Apply Sloan's Liniment freely, without rubbing, and enjoy a penetrative glow of warmth and comfort.
Good for rheumatism, neuralgia, sprains and strains, aches and pains, sciatica, sore muscles, stiff joints and the after effects of weather exposure.
For forty years pain's enemy. Ask your neighbor. Keep Sloan's handy.
At all druggists—35c, 70c, \$1.40.

Sloan's Liniment (Pain's enemy)

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

I COME OVER T'Y PLAY ANWHILE WITH FRECKLES.

HE'S TAKING HIS BATH JUST NOW, BUT YOU CAN COME IN AND WAIT FOR HIM.

GOOD HEAVENS! WHY—WHY—YOUR FACE LOOKS TERRIBLY BATTERED UP—

YOU HAVEN'T BEEN FIGHTING, HAVE YOU, ALEK?

NO—

WE MOVED YESTERDAY AN' I HAD T' CARRY TH' CAT!

BY BLOSSER